

I know not how, a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;

First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiscate all, so loone
As I haue recey'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes?

Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy: heere's my knee:

Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my Issue.

Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan*)

Am that *Belarius*, whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares
Haue I train'd vp; those Arts they haue, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse *Euriphile*
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
Vpon my Banishment: I mou'd her too't,
Hauiug recey'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
The benediction of these couering Heauens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie
To in-lay Heauen with Starres.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:

The Service that you three haue done, is more
Vnlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A payre of worthier Sonnes.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile;

This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderus*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Aruragus*.
Your younger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderus* had
Vpon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Statre,
It was a marke of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath vpon him still that naturall sampe:
It was wife Natures end, in the donation
To be his euidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Reioy'd deliuerance more: Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbes,
You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh neuer say heereafter

But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,
When we were so indeed.

Cym. Did you ere meete?

Arui. I my good Lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lou'd,
Continew'd so, vntill we thought he dyed.

Corn. By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd,
Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?
And when came you to serue our Romaine Captiue?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motives to the Battaille? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will serue our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors vpon *Imogen*;
And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each object with a Ioy: the Counter-change
Is feuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smooke the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold thee euer.

Imo. You are my Father too, and did rescue me:
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All ore-roy'd
Sauethese in bonds, let them be ioyfull too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you seruiue.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that no Nobly fought
He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. I am Sir

The Souldier that did company these three
In poore beseeching: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might
Haue made you finish.

Iach. I am downe againe:

But now my heauie Conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princesse
That euer swore her Faith.

Post. Kneele not to me:

The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Live
And deale with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:

Wee'l learne our Freeneffe of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.

Arui. You helpe vs Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Ioy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought
Great *Iupiter* vpon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my bosome; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can

Make

Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. *Philarmenus*.

Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe vknown, with-
out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioyned to
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall *Posthumus* end his
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-
tie.

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
Weternie it *Mulier*; which *Mulier* I diuine
Is this most constant Wife, who euen now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnought, were clipt about
With this most tender Aire.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* stolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiu'd
To the Maiesticke Cedar ioyn'd; whose Issue

Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Caesar*,
And to the Romaine Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heauens in Iustice both on her, and hers,
Haue laid most heauy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of yet this scarce-cold Battaille, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall *Caesar*, should againe vnite
His fauour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines heere in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smokes climbe to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittain Ensigne waue
Friendly together: so through *Luds-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great *Iupiter*
Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cease
(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



Printed at the Charges of W. Faggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke,
and W. Aspley, 1623.